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JUDGE

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FOR PRESIDENT
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT
CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS

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WILSON
WHISKEY.

That's All!

VOL. 47 NO. 1186 JULY 9 1904 PRICE 10 CENTS

Judge

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A HOLE IN THE WALL.

Judge

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WHAT is a door-nail, my son? Why, it is a thing that is quite as dead, not to say damned, as is the average Democratic issue.

* * *

TARRED with Bryan and feathered with Hill, the figure of Democracy performs a not too picturesque saraband in the moonlight of public opinion.

* * *

IN THE RACE for the presidential nomination there are many also-rans, and in that for the second place on the ticket there are hosts of also-would-not-runs.

* * *

THE POPOCRAT, if one still exists, will show great wisdom if he will but paste in his hat, for future reference, a little legend to the effect that political speech, whatever else it may be, is not free silver.

* * *

ALTHOUGH Olney may be said to be more talked against than talking, the fact, which must be a melancholy one to his friends, still remains that he is the cold, neglected egg on the bosom of the browned hash of Democracy.

* * *

GENERAL SLOCUMISM is an up-to-date evil that is not any more confined to steamboats than Buddensieckism is confined to those flimsy buildings which are to the foot what castles in Spain are to the fancy. Some day there may be a vigilance committee formed that will glad the soul of the early riser who discovers the carcass of a venal inspector swinging gracefully from a lamp-post against the background of the auroral zephyr.

* * *

IF THE AVERAGE suburbanite would but fight for his country with the same insane zeal that he employs in fighting for his country seat, that is one hundred by one hundred and fifty feet in size and Haddon Hall in name, there would be nothing to fear in the matter of our being eliminated from the map.

* * *

MANY alleged statesmen now at the St. Louis convention fancy that they are frisking in the political flesh. Yet the fact remains, despite all argument to the contrary, that they are at the bottom of the sea of politics, and positively and absolutely proof against the banging of all the cannon that can be brought to bear to bring them to the surface.

* * *

THE WEAKNESS of the wall of lax emigration laws is the hole in the said wall through which pauper labor comes. The pauper labor of this country has already reached such dimensions as to warrant the opinion that a pauper-labor contingent may yet develop into a party that will have a presidential ticket in the field. The hole in the wall seems to grow larger and larger as time goes on, and it is rather a difficult task to solve the problem and to say just what should be done to remedy the evil. We do not for a moment suppose that pauper labor would be in existence for any great length of time if capital were not ever willing, and more than willing, to pay pauper rates. Such a cure might be considered heroic, not to say ruinous, by all human cash-registers of the Sage and Rockefeller type, but we will venture to say that it would prove a quick and easy one, and forever sidetrack the riddle that is said to be keeping many a student of affairs prancing up and down the axminster at night, lost in the deepest kind of a brown study.

* * *

IN A DAY or two the ever lively and frisky city of St. Louis will have the high average of its liveliness and friskiness raised by the presence in its imperial beer-embroidered midst of the Democratic convention. And it is quite within the bounds of likelihood to add that the town of the world's fair will also be the hottest place south of the north pole. The stars of the Democracy will make themselves felt in many ways, and will prove that in their hands the axe is mightier than the pen, and, in fact, mightier than anything else, with possibly the exception of the corkscrew. There are men in this aggregation of wind-promoters who could teach the Indians the art of throwing the axe, either practically in the open, or theoretically in the Carlisle school, if that football institution of the ignoble red were but endowed with a hatchet-chair. Baseball pitchers could gain valuable points from a study of the curvilinear methods

Of Bryan, Hill
And Gum Shoe Bill,

each of whom is said to be able to send his axe hurtling through the air in so weird a fashion as to cause the casual onlooker to fancy that he is gazing upon a sea-serpent—for these magicians cause their axes to sizzle and the handles to wriggle in a style that savors of the marvelous. The axes are ground and the wielders are full of fight and aching for the word to commence hostilities. It will certainly be a sight to fill the heart of the lover of carnage with all kinds of joy, and cause him to reflect that there will be consolation in the fact that the more that are politically killed the better will it be for society.

MORE MONEY IN IT.

JONES—"So you've left the fire-insurance business for the accident line? What was the cause of your change?"

BROWN—"The automobile craze."

THE FOOD QUESTION.

(Recent experiments, scientifically made, seem to show that we all eat too much.—*Exchange.*)

SINCE science says we eat too much
A ban is on the dinner-bell.
Full suppers we should never touch,
And breakfasts should be light as well.

No matter if the quail on toast
Delicious seems when cooked just right,
Or even you smell a savory roast,
Beware—obey not appetite.

Are we not told by rigid rule
How small must be our food supply?
In view of this why play the fool
To mourn our rashness by and by?

Although mankind in every age
Has lived wellfed and fairly long,
With life a happy pilgrimage,
And never thought full rations wrong,
Their ways empiric we should fear—
Since science knows and doesn't guess,
And thank our stars, with groceries dear,
That we can live by eating less.

To pate de foie gras good-bye;
Good-bye, too, to lush mayonnaise,
And terrapin's sweet tyranny—
If we would live out all our days.

Then, skipping soups and petits four,
Soft souffles, and all tricks of France,
Fat squabs and dishes rich galore,
On lengthened life we must advance.

But some day, when mere nuts and grain
And fruits shall make our food complete,
If asked to dine I won't remain—
So dearly do I love to eat!

JOEL BENTON.

WHERE HE WAS.

Reporter—"I can't find a soul who knows that Mr. Scadds who's been nominated."

City editor—"Well, look in that 'Prominent Living Americans.' If no one 's ever heard of him he's certain to be in that."

THE HOUR-GLASS GIRL.

She squeezes in her waist until
The other girls seem on the shelf.
She thinks that she is dressed to kill,
While merely dressed to kill herself.

IN DANGER.

UNCLE WASHINGTON—"Yo', Eph, git yo'r haid away f'um dar! Yo' want ter cripple dis mule?"

CRITICISM.

"IT IS said," jested Ben Jonson to Shakespeare, "that the mortals are finding much of Bacon in thy plays."

"So?" queried the bard of Avon. "Odsblood! From what comes to my ears, nearly all of my plays, when seen on earth now, are full of hams."

SUMMER SHOWERS.

DAME NATURE lays her carpet down,
A shade of tender green,
All woven fair with violets
And buttercups between.

Then sounds a sudden thunder-clap,
And gusty showers come.
'Tis plain, in tacking down the job,
Dame Nature hit her thumb.

MC LANDBURGH WILSON.

FALSE ALARM.

EVERYBODY—"Run for your lives! The sea-serpent, and it's coming ashore!"

But it was only Mr. Spielkraut's imported prize dachshund taking his morning swim.

Burr McIntosh, photo.

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

MARY NASH.

Although we've seen you many times,
We'd see you many more
And hear you rattle off the rhymes
We've heard you sing before.

The play may be the same old thing
You've often on us sprung;
But though it ages on the wing,
You keep forever young.

MYSTIFYING.

"NO, SIR," explains the librettist; "there is no German comedian in this show, because the scene is laid five thousand years ago, and at that time there were no Germans."

"Then," asks the manager, "how in the dickens do you come to have all the jokes that the German comedians always spring?"

THE SUMMER GIRL.

WE TALK about her winsome ways
And rave about her witchery.
The truth is that she gets our praise
Because of her dropstitchery.

HI HUNKER'S WAY.

WHENE'ER the blithe bullock cavorts in the leà
And comes like a shaft of chain-lightning for me,
I leap and I hustle, I jump and I vault,
And o'er the wire fence turn a swift somersault.

The bull seems astonished to see the gay style
In which o'er the "barbed wire" I glide with a smile;
And then the shanghais all their rapture uncork
And crow for Hi Hunker of Horseheads, New York.

Now, I am Hi Hunker of dear old Horseheads—
I e'er wear a shirt that's the brightest of reds
To make the bull chase me until I just whizz
And knock from my system the old rheumatiz.

I thus save a dollar, the price of the stuff
That lays out the rheumatiz Hunketty-guff;
And with that bright dollar my joy its wings preens
With twenty good Flor del Fumas in my jeans.

AN INCENTIVE.

"TO MAKE a long story short," said the great author, who was telling about his new contract with his publishers, "I am to get a dollar a word for everything I write."

"A dollar a word!" exclaimed the struggling writer. "Seems to me that would make me make a short story long."

WOE BETIDE THEM!

WALKING WILLARD—"An' so yer b'lieve dat dere is to be a future punishment fer de wicked, do yer?"

TOILNIT TANKS—"Well, I should say yes! Take, fer instance, dese unprincipled employment-agencies dat are constantly receivin' money fer gittin' work. Dere hain't nobody kin make me b'lieve but wot dere'll be retribution fer dem fellers."

LIGHT.

MISS OLDGIRL—"Will the man I marry be dark or light?"
FORTUNE-TELLER—"Very light-headed."

THE READING OF CHARACTER.

"THIS is the life-line," says the amateur palmist, who is reading the hand of the young woman. "It shows that you will live to a ripe old age. This is the head-line. You have wonderful talent for writing. This is the heart-line. Lots of romance and a happy marriage, with just trunkfuls of fine dresses and things."

"How do you know about the dresses?"

"Why, here's the clothes-line. It runs clear around your hand."

FORCE OF HABIT.

Madge—"There hasn't been a man seen around here all summer."

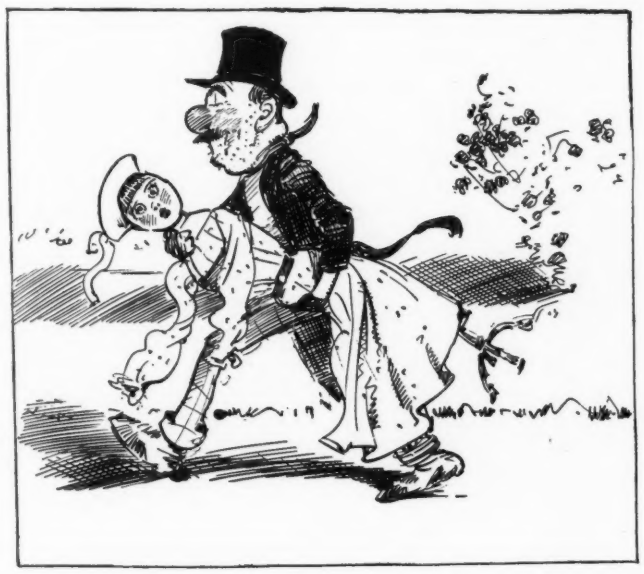
Dolly—"Yet every night you look under the bed for one."

1.

NERVY NAT—"Now, there's a candidate for the nut college—sousing around in that beastly wet water and thinking he's having a good time! Funny things people will do for pleasure! I will have to put up a little joke on him."

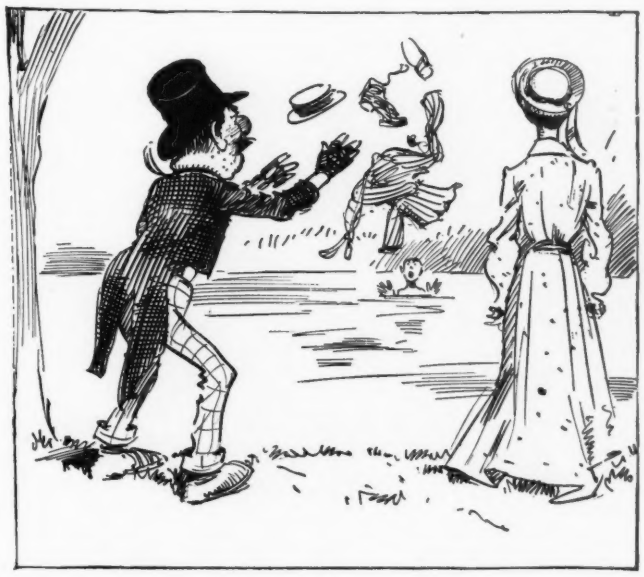
2.

NERVY NAT—"The very thing! Ah, Miss Hardface, well met, indeed! Come with me to the gurgling brook, and with your assistance I will have the laugh on the misguided gentleman therein."



3.

NERVY NAT—"Pray don't mind my seeming familiarity, Miss What's-name. You know you simply refused point blank to walk, so what was I to do? If you had objected to my carrying you, you should have spoken up."



4.

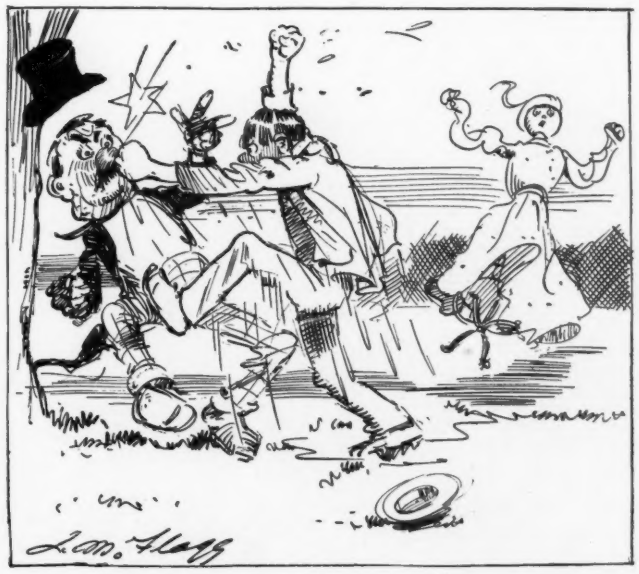
BATHER—"Here, you! What the dooce are you doing?"

NERVY NAT—"Here are your clothes, Mr. Man. Don't you know any better than to go in swimming here? Why, this lady here is so shocked she is speechless!"

5.

BATHER—"Confound these women, any way! Why don't they stay away from here?"

NERVY NAT—"Well, sir, I haven't had such a good laugh since the police force had the measles!"



6.

BATHER—"That for you! You think you're the fine and dandy joker, don't you?"

NERVY NAT—"I thought at first it was going to be quite a good joke, but somehow there seems to be a sort of an anti-climax."

NO. 32.—NERVY NAT'S LITTLE JOKE.

BRUDDER SNOWBALL'S JOY.

I TELL yer what it am—
Dis happy heart ob mine
Am like a tater-bug
Upon a tater-vine.

It's happy as a fly
What stops ter take a drink
Upon de watahmel-
On's slice, so juicy pink.

De spider 's on de fire
An' overflows wiv chick;
De cellar 's full ob yams,
An' on de double quick

I hallelujah shouts—
Because our nine, elate,
Jes' beat de 'Possums ob
Seewanky ten to eight.

VERY TRUE.

"Is it true that Dauber is kept busy with his brush nowadays?"
"Oh, yes! He's got a job in the street-cleaning department."

HE BROKE THE NEWS TO MOTHER.

MRS. BAUMKEESTER walked into the school-room aggressively, paid no heed either to the surprised look or the polite greeting of the teacher, but squared herself before the desk of that person and remarked,

"Vy iss it dot you teach mein Hans such insulding dings apout his own beebles?"

"Why, Mrs. Baumkeester, I have not taught Hans anything like that."

"Yes, you haf. He gomes home und dells me dot id iss der Chermans dot iss making all der beebles sickness."

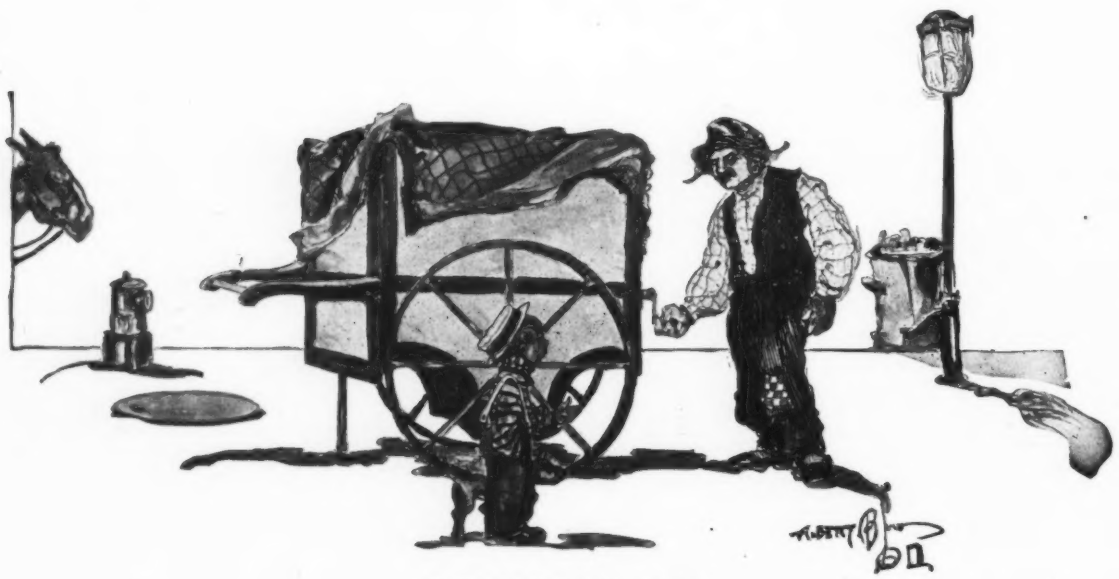
"But, Mrs. Baumkees"——

"Dere iss no use denying id. Mein Hans doesn't lie. Und, pesides, he ret id vrom der pook oud—vrom der pook vot you gif him to study py. Und he set dot you set id vas so."

"What in the world do you mean?"

"Diss!" bringing one hand into the other to emphasize her charge; "diss! You tolt mein Hans, und you gif him der pook vere id set dot all der diseases iss caused by der Chermans."

And the teacher had no more success in explaining her germ theories to Mrs. Baumkeester than she had with Hans.



BUYING THE REAL MUSE.

THE LOVER—"Here, mister, would youse mind goin' roun' de corner to de foist house youse comes ter an' play somethin' soft an' sentimental like fer a penny?"

THE BURDEN OF WEALTH.

Wandering Willie—"How wud yer like ter be a millionaire?"

Weary Raggles—"Dat wudn't be in me line. De feller wot's got so much money dat he needn't work is de one dat does de most."

EXPLAINED.

"FATHER, dear," asked little Bruno, "why did they name that Chinese river 'Yellow'?"

"Confucius was a great prophet, Bruno," replied his parent, "and he foresaw some of the dream-battles which New York newspapers would say happened on its banks."

TELLTALE.

Jaggles—"Henpeck has acquired a decided stoop, high up near his neck."

Waggles—"Oh, I guess that's the stoop his wife sits on."

UNDOUBTEDLY.

HAROLD—"They tell me, Ethel, that your aunt, Miss Thinly, will not go in bathing until after dark. Is it a fad?"
ETHEL—"No; it's a 'matter of form' with her, I believe."

A FABLE.

ONCE there lived a progressive hotel-keeper at Soakem-by-the-sea, who thought that it would increase his income considerably if he imported a papier-maché serpent and set it loose on the billows that romped before his beautiful summer resort.

Such a reptile, he thought, would bring people to his place. These people, naturally, would require rooms. And with the rooms occupied the profits from his bar-trade would multiply.

This, indeed, was logical reasoning.

The harmless ocean-wanderer was brought on.

The first man that noticed it floating on the troubled waters said nothing about it to any one else, fearing that he might be mistaken and the peculiar object was nothing more than an optical illusion, which would prompt friends to ask him for his signature to a pledge.

And every other man stopping at the hotel thought as the first man did.

Consequently, the keeper's bar-trade stopped entirely, and as one after the other left the hotel they scoffed at him for selling poor liquor at rich prices.

Moral — It is a good ad. that works both ways. F. F. PITZER.

BUT HE DID.

MRS. JABBER—"I wish I didn't have to hear that mosquito buzzing forever."
MR. JABBER (*sleepily*)—"Yes, Mariar; and I wish I didn't have to hear you."

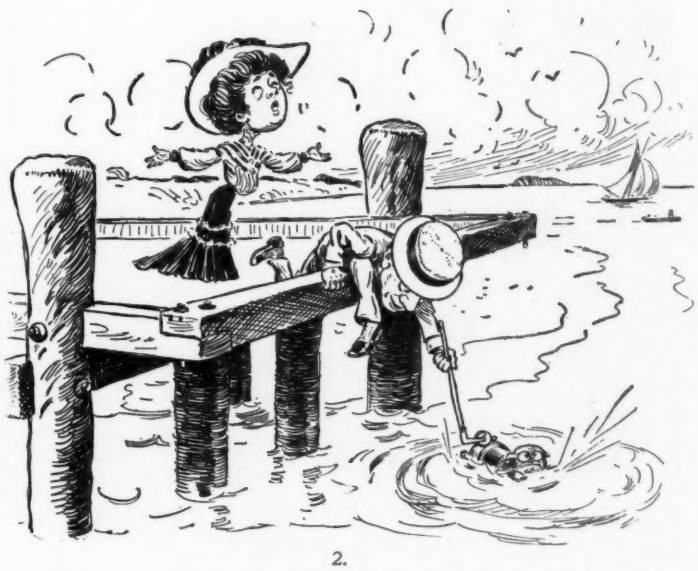
SOLVED AT LAST.

"IT USED to be," growled the husband, "that women taught their daughters how to cook. Then, when people couldn't get a servant, as we can't, the wife would take hold of things and all went well. I must say I don't see what the next generation will do."

"The next generation will be all right," retorted his wife, opening some more canned meats. "The mothers of to-day will teach their daughters how to hunt for cooks."

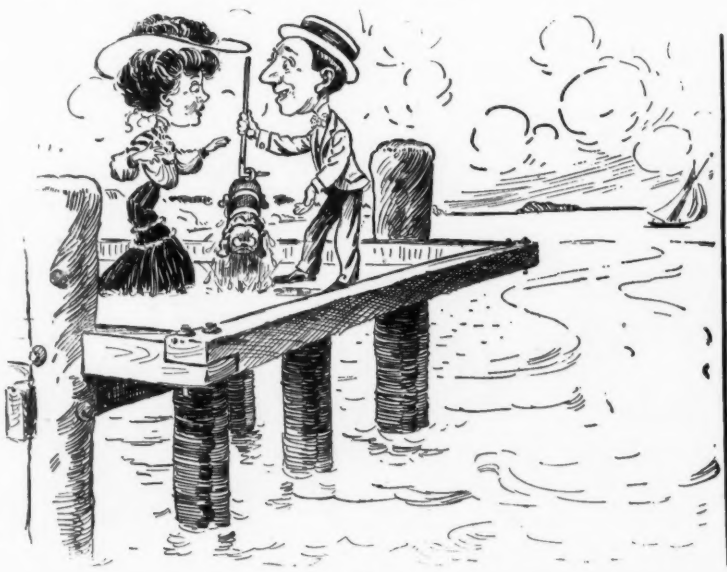
1.

MISS BONDBILT—"No, Mr. Poorly; I cannot be yours. The man that marries me must do something worthy." (*Splash!*)



2.

MR. POORLY—"Courage, Miss Bondbilt! I will save Fido at all hazards."



3.

MISS BONDBILT—"Oh, what ingenious presence of mind! What a clever man!"

4.

Conclusion.

ALL 'S WELL THAT *ENDS* WELL.

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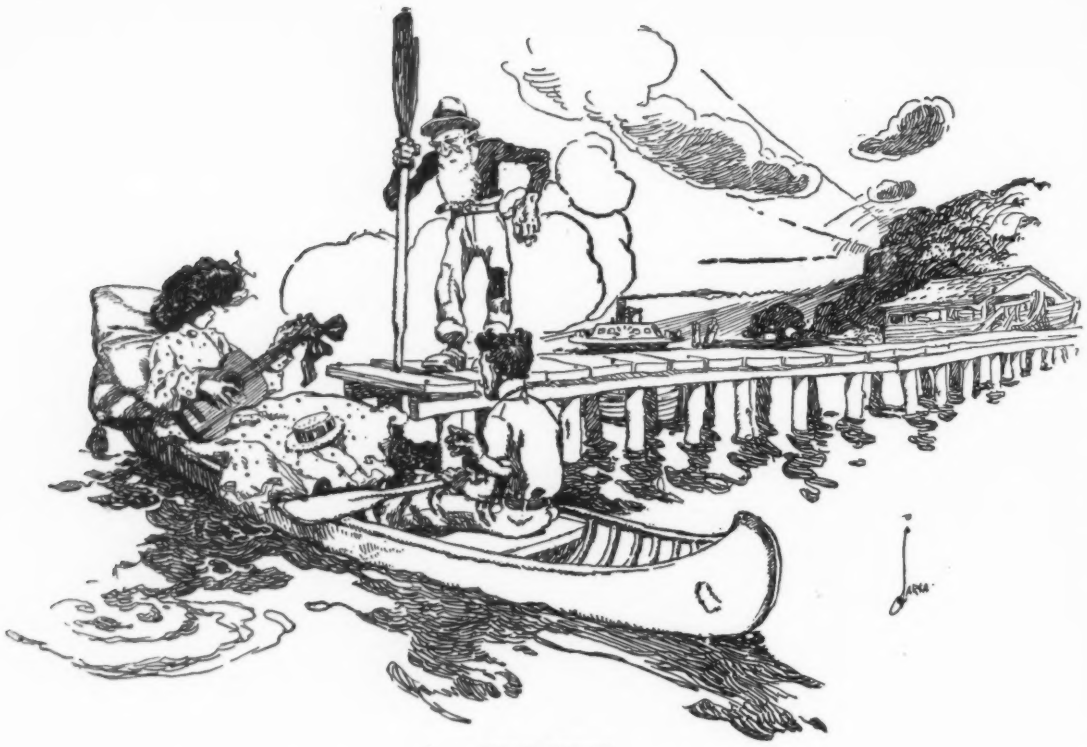
THEIR AXES ARE OUT, AND THERE'S GOI

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho & Pub Co. New York.

GOING TO BE A HOT TIME IN ST. LOUIS.



REASSURING.

CHOLLY (*nervously*)—"But won't this canoe turn bottom-side up?"
BOATMAN (*cheerfully*)—"Possibly: but it's steadier bottom-side up than any other way, you know."

swers back, "Who's tryin' to? An', anyways, we kind of like this cross, it's so well padded with prosperity." "I'll smash the coal trust," hollers William Hearst in great big type. "Go on an' bu'st it!" says the hoi polloi, who've got the votes; "but we re'lly cannot spare your guidin' hand from off your newspapers—we like 'em so jest as they be. So please don't go an' take a minor job like bein' president." An', meanwhile, Teddy Roosevelt, he's a-stayin' there to Washington without sayin' much, but when he runs across a difficulty doin' like he done while Toral popped an' Shafter kept cool in a hammock. He jest waves whichever hand ain't busy toward that difficulty an' yells out, "Come along, boys! Let's hustle up that hill." An' then we *git* a gait. An' th' hill is our'n an' difficulty 's over. We're doin' nicely as we be, it seems to plain old sailors like myself.

EDWARD MARSHALL.

AN OLD SALT'S OBSERVATIONS.

"IT'S a great thing," says the cripple to me one day, "to have two wooden legs." "How do you make that out?" I says, surprised. "Why," says he, "*I* find it possible to hold my socks up nice an' tight with thumb-tacks, an' any chap who tries to pull my leg is likely to git splinters in his fingers."

A man can't be too exact in what he says before a jedge. I know a case. A ship's cap'n was up for givin' out bad fo'c's'le grub. "There's more 'n a million worms apiece inside each of them biscuit," says th' complainin' sailors' spokesman. Th' magistrate, he had th' maggots counted, an', findin' that th' population of each hard-tack didn't average more 'n five hundred, he let th' cap'n go an' had th' sailor sent away for five long years for perjury.

Th' longest name in any American directory is Ignatz Goruski Ymnutzgnshoefflenhoeffler. It is estimated that if he should become a corporation president, an' that company should issue four million dollars in capital-stock certificates representing twenty dollars each, he would git th' writer's cramp jest prior to th' signin' of the final share in the first ten thousand dollars' worth. But he ain't. He's a grave-digger in Mount Hope cemetery, Rochester, New York. It is said that when he's dug a grave he never fails to take his name an' lean it right flush up against th' earthen wall that then surrounds him, thus utilizin' it nicely as a ladder to climb out on.

"I am a Democrat," says little Davy Bennett Hill in Wolfert's Roost. "You be indeed," th' public answers, "an' doin' nicely where you be. Jest stay there!" "It's a condition, not a theory, that confronts us," remarks G. Cleveland from the shady walks of Princeton. "Not us, but you," remarks th' folks; "an' that condition, Grover C., is private citizenship. It's real becomin' to you. Don't change it, please, on our account." "You cannot crucify th' people on a cross of"——An' th' people, interruptin', an-

THE INCONVENIENCES OF WAR.

"COCQLIQUOT," remarked the mikado complainingly, "I'd like to know what in Samala Hillito is the reason that my wines are served to me in jugs nowadays instead of in bottles, as they were before the war."

"We have no bottles left, oh, majesty!" replied the faithful first-gentleman-of-the-booze-bin. "Every single one we had here in the palace is at present occupied by a Russian fleet."

"Your apology, Cocqliquot, is accepted," said the mikado; "but do not let it occur again."

"I could not if I would," replied the high official, "for there are no other Russian fleets."

UP IN GEOGRAPHY.

Tommy (pulling out pistachio nuts)—"I'll bet you don't know what these green spots in the ice-cream are."

Johnny—"Yes, I do. They're the oases in the dessert."

"AND I'LL NEVER GO THERE ANY MORE."

NEW YORK JUSTICE—"H'm—you are charged with assault and battery."
JOSH MEDDERS—"Darn it! how much are they? I've done nothin' but git charged fer things sence I hit this gosh-dinged town! I don't want no salt ner battery, but wrap 'em up an' I'll pay for 'em."

Bearitt—" Things were awfully dull on 'change to-day. Absolutely nothing doing in stocks. The buyers and sellers failed to get together."

Mrs. Bearitt—" Why don't you mark some of the stock down and advertise a bargain-sale ?"—*Chicago News.*

Health means strength, Abbott's Angostura Bitters means health. At druggists' and grocers'.

" You say that when she married she got a title ?" asked the sweet thing.

" Yes," answered the most popular girl in the neighborhood.

" Countess, duchess, or what ?"

" Mrs."—*Chicago Journal.*

The Apollo Belvedere smiled serenely.

" Yes," he remarked ; " they modeled me from the way the only man at the summer resort thought he looked."

The matter thus explained, we took no further interest in the affair.—*New York Sun.*

Willie—" No use. Couldn't get his mind off poker—he was bent on playing."

Billie—" Followed his bent, I suppose, and he's broke."—*Yale Record.*

A Message direct from the Glorious Fields of Blossoming Hops

Evans' Ale

Embodies all the sunshine, all the fragrance and all the joys of Nature's grandest gift to Man.

Howell—" Do you think it pays to put much money into clothes ?"

Powell—" Not if you have a wife to go through them."—*Town Topics.*

A Real Beautifier

Sulphur is the best thing known for beautifying the skin, and Glenn's Sulphur Soap is not only a fine toilet soap, but contains enough pure sulphur to make the complexion smooth and free from pimples.

Insist on having the genuine and use daily

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

25c. a cake at all drug stores, or mailed for 30c. by THE CHARLES N. CRITTENTON CO., 115 Fulton St., New York.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, Black or Brown, 50 cts.

" Say, ma, don't pop tell you lots of conundrums ?"

" Why do you ask that, Bobby ?"

" Well, I heard him tell Mr. Smith last night that he had you guessing."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

FOR A CHAMPAGNE COCKTAIL IT HAS NO EQUAL

COOK'S Imperial Extra Dry CHAMPAGNE

SERVED EVERYWHERE

" That Mrs. Snaggs is too much of a aristycrat fur me to mingle wid."

" How 's that ?"

" She was knocked down by a push-cart and she had it put into the paper dat she was hit by an autermobile."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Silas—" What is old Rube so hot about ?"

Cyrus—" Why, an artist asked if he could paint his cows."

Silas—" That didn't hurt the cows, did it ?"

Cyrus—" Yes, by heck ! He painted a sarsaparilla sign on each one."—*Philadelphia Record.*

The Sohmer Piano is recognized by the music-loving public as one of the best in the world. Visit the warerooms, Sohmer Building, 170 Fifth avenue, before buying elsewhere.

" Why isn't Jones in the swim any longer ?"

" Oh, he caught a cramp in his bank-account."—*Princeton Tiger.*

TWO STEPS.

THE LAST ONE HELPS THE FIRST

A sick coffee drinker must take two steps to be rid of his troubles and get strong and well again.

The first is to cut off coffee absolutely. That removes the destroying element. The next step is to take liquid food (and that is Postum Food Coffee) that has in it the elements nature requires to change the blood corpuscles from pale pink or white to rich red, and good red blood builds good strong and healthy cells in place of the broken down cells destroyed by coffee. With well boiled Postum Food Coffee to shift to, both these steps are easy and pleasant. The experience of a Georgian proves how important both are.

" From 1872 to the year 1900 my wife and I had both been afflicted with sick or nervous headache and at times we suffered untold agony. We were coffee drinkers and did not know how to get away from it, for the habit is hard to quit.

" But in 1900 I read of a case similar to ours where Postum Coffee was used in place of the old coffee and a complete cure resulted, so I concluded to get some and try it.

" The result was, after three days' use of Postum in place of the coffee I never had a symptom of the old trouble and in five months I had gained from 145 pounds to 163 pounds.

" My friends asked me almost daily what wrought the change. My answer always is, leaving off coffee and drinking Postum in its place.

" We have many friends who have been benefited by Postum.

" As to whether or not I have stated the facts truthfully I refer you to the Bank of Carrollton or any business firm in that city, where I have lived for many years and am well known." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Michigan.

" There's a reason."

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Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor 22d St.

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Mrs. Beanster—" Mr. Johnson, won't you please amuse the baby for about five minutes ?"

Mr. Johnson (not of Boston)—" I'm afraid I don't know how, Mrs. Beanster."

Mrs. Beanster—" Just talk a little ; she always finds your western grammatical peculiarities so amusing."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

Mr. Smythe—" I think Miss Debutante is just as pretty as she can be."

Miss Spiter—" Most girls are that."—*New Yorker.*

Patience—" I hear she has been engaged eleven times."

Patrice—" I hate to see a girl get in a rut like that !"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

" Your husband doesn't seem to like work very much," said the summer boarder.

" That's where you wrong him," said the woman with the sunbonnet on. " He likes work fine. Only he always wants it done by me or one of the girls."—*Washington Star.*

Mrs. Benham—" Do you think a Mormon who has ten wives can be really happy ?"

Benham—" Well, he has ten chances to my one."—*Town Topics.*

" Did you give papa an itemized account of your property, as he asked ?"

" Yes ; I sent him your photograph."—*Life.*

" There is no greater recommendation for a barber shop or better guarantee of cleanliness and sanitary conditions than the mere fact that Williams' Shaving Soap is used there."

Every Barber on the World's Fair Grounds AT ST. LOUIS uses Williams' Shaving Soap EXCLUSIVELY

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"Darling," exclaimed the happy husband after the minister had pronounced the fatal words, "I am not worthy of you."

"Of course you are not," she replied; "but after a girl has celebrated her twenty-fifth birthday for five consecutive years she can't afford to be too particular."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Wife—"Here's the clockmaker come to fix our clock. Go up stairs and get it for him, won't you?"

Husband (lazily)—"It isn't up stairs, is it?"

Wife—"Certainly. Where did you think it was?"

Husband—"I thought it had run down."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Increase your strength, ward off ill health, use Abbott's Angostura Bitters, the strength-giver.

Smith—"I woke up last night with a horrible suspicion that my new gold watch was gone. So strong was the impression that I got up to look."

Brown—"Well, was it gone?"

Smith—"No; but it was going."—*New Yorker.*

"I never knew till now why this was such a windy country," said the bright little girl traveling through Illinois.

"And have you discovered why?" asked her father.

"Of course. See all the windmills on these farms we're passing."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Johnson—"I'se thinkin' ob ma'ayin dat youngest Thompson gal."

Jackson—"Don't do it, niggah. Don't do it. Dat gal can't keep a job more'n two weeks. Don't do it."—*Albany Journal.*

NATURAL WHISKEY

BOTTLED IN BOND
WHISKEY MUST BE AT LEAST FOUR YEARS OLD
EVERY BOTTLE CONTAINS FULL MEASURE

IN DOUBT.
LADY—"Is the baby a boy or a girl?"
URCHIN—"I t'ink he's a girl, but she may be a boy."

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Farmer (to lady)—"Have you seen my bull?"

Lady—"Mercy, no! Where is he?"

Farmer—"He got loose. And if you should see him, will you please keep on that there red cloak and run this way?"—*New Yorker.*

OUTDOOR LIFE AND HOW TO ENJOY IT.

The first thought in arranging for an outing in the country is how to secure the maximum benefits and pleasures with the minimum discomfort and disappointment, and the great increase in the number of votaries of outdoor life every year makes the question of food supplies a dominating one. Ever since the days of Robin Hood and Sherwood Forest, lovers of outdoor life have depended upon Ale to open the way to the full enjoyment of the occasion. It has always been the factor in making those truly happy days that cling to memory dear. The same good old customs which prevailed in olden times are in existence to-day, as evidenced by the great increase in the ranks of the army of recreation seekers and their pronounced partiality for Evans' Ale, which has become famous as a summer beverage among lovers of outdoor life for the way it imparts vigor and enjoyment to an outing. Nowadays it is the inspiration of the camp, the solace of the fisherman, the joy of the golfer and the *open sesame* of good fellowship among all men. The zest with which it rounds off a meal adds a delight that is complete. The sparkling, frothy, bubbling way in which it pours out shows its perfect condition. Evans' Ale is the one ale most suitable for all places, whether in the mountains, at the seashore, on a yacht or traveling by train or boat, because it is always in the same perfect condition and because it cannot spoil, no matter how abused in handling, due to the fact that it does not contain a particle of sediment.

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Nay, her foot speaks."—*Shakespeare.*

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Ter git you ever' day!
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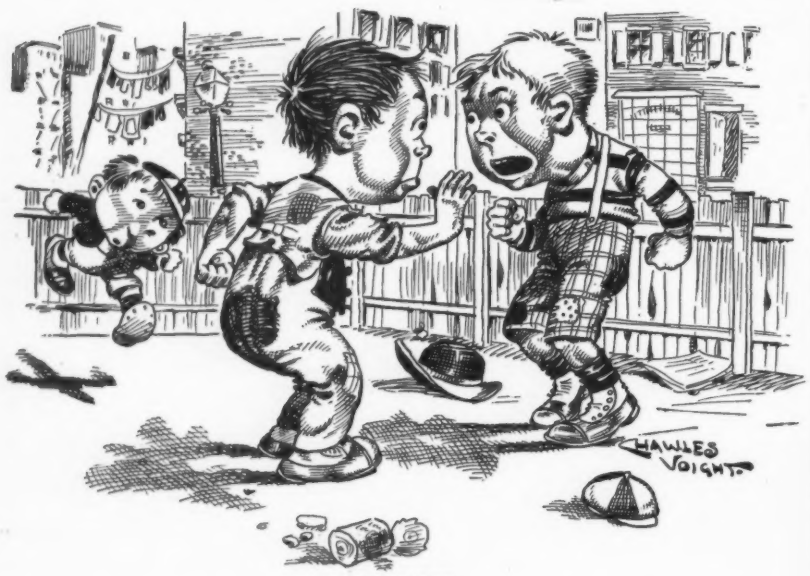
Jaggles—"What do you think of the stand taken by people who won't work for a living?"

Waggles—"It is altogether too uncertain. Some fellows become millionaires at it, while others starve to death."—*Town Topics.*



PERHAPS

FIRST KID—"Ah, youse couldn't lick me gran mudder, an' she's over a hundred years old."

SECOND KID—"Git out! I could lick her if she's twicet 's old."

Sentimental Sue—"Here's an article in the paper, 'Why Men Don't Marry.'"

Tantalizing Tess—"I know why some of them don't."

Sentimental Sue—"Well?"

Tantalizing Tess—"They never asked you."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Subbubs—"Friday is always our servant-girl's off day."

Citiman—"You mean her 'day off,' don't you?"

Subbubs—"No; Thursday is her day off. That's why Friday is her 'off day.'"—*Philadelphia Post.*

She—"What is your business?"

He—"I'm an inspector of ruins."

She—"How romantic."

He—"Well, hardly—I'm an insurance adjuster."—*Cleveland Leader.*

A—"Theirs was a case of love at first sight."

B—"Yes; I should judge that very little foresight was displayed."—*Princeton Tiger.*

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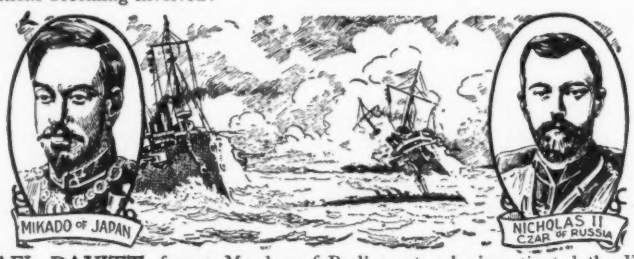

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The plumber—"Yes, sir; an' he sez it 'll cost you fifty dollars."

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The plumber—"Mebbe not; but he told me how much to do."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

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"Ah," we responded, "'Push' and 'Pull'?"

"Nope," he answered; "I stay on the inside and keep you on the outside."

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"Have you read that new novel everybody is talking about?" asked the first dear girl.

"Only the last chapter," replied dear girl the second. "I wonder how it begins?"—*Chicago News.*

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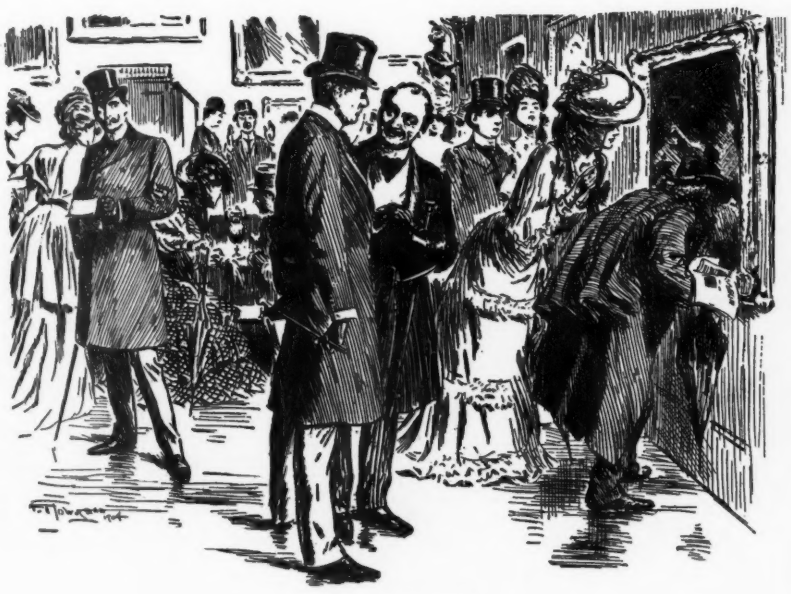

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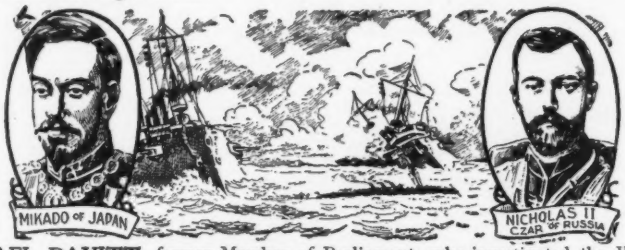

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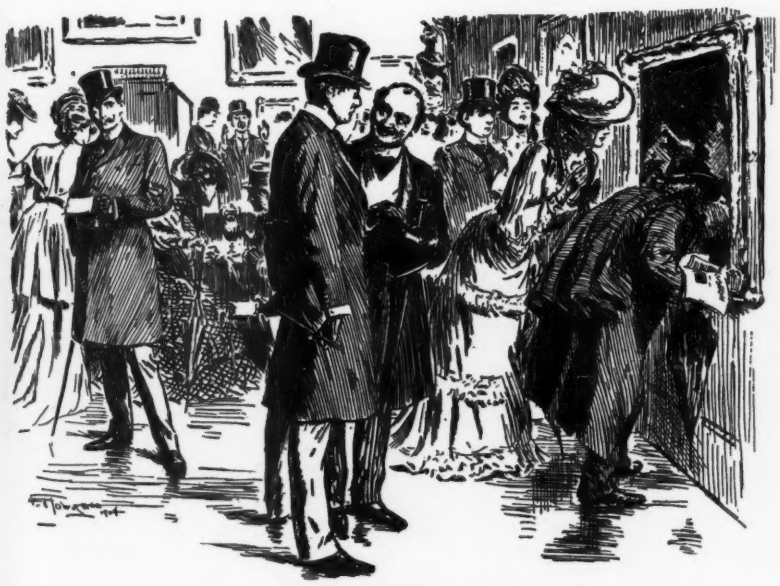

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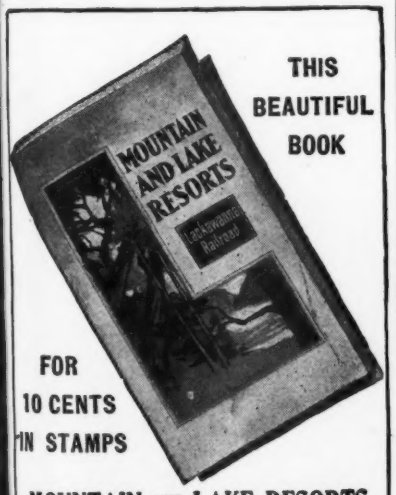

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